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X-MEN

SEP. '86 101

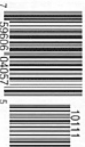


X-CALIBUR

SPECIAL
HEROES RERORN
UPDATE INSIDE!



DIRECT EDITION



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Stan Lee Presents:

Quiet

Warren Ellis Casey Jones Tom Simmons
writer artist/storyteller inker
Richard Starkings & Comcraft Letters
Ariane Lenshoek colors Malibu Enhancement
Gaffney & Gardner Editors Bob Harris Chief

THE MUIR ISLAND
MEDICAL RESEARCH
STATION, OFF
SCOTLAND'S NORTHERN
COAST. LATE MORNING.

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BENEATH THE STATION
LIES A CRYPT ROOM,
THAT COMPRISES X-MEN
FOUNDER CHARLES XAVIER'S
LAST GIFT TO HIS FRIENDS.

INFORMATION.

MOIRA,
IF YOU ARE
HEARING THIS, THEN
YOU ARE HERE
ALONE --

-- AND,
IF I KNOW YOU,
DRIVING YOURSELF
INSANE WITH
OPTIONS.

I RECORDED
THESE MESSAGES IN
THE KNOWLEDGE THAT
THEY WOULD ONLY BE
HEARD IF I DIED OR
WENT MAD.

IN EITHER
SITUATION, MOIRA,
MUIR BECOMES THE
SOLE REPOSITORY OF ALL
THE MUTANT-RELATED
DATA I HAVE
GATHERED.

FURTHER-
MORE, IF MY
X-MEN AND I ARE
GONE.

THEN YOU,
MOIRA --

-- MY BEST
FRIEND --

-- YOU
ARE THE LAST
OUTPOST OF THE
DREAM.

I KNOW.
END
MESSAGE.

BEEP
BEEP

RYE
WHAT IS IT,
RORY?

THEY'RE
HOME.

 EXCALIBUR
IS HOME.

HOME FROM LONDON,
WHERE THEIR INTERVENTION
IN SECRET HORRORS
WITHIN THE CITY HAS SAVED
COUNTLESS LIVES.

HOME -- AND COMPLETELY
IGNORANT OF WHAT'S
HAPPENED IN AMERICA OVER
THE LAST SEVERAL HOURS.

AS COMPLETELY TOLD
LAST ISSUE -- Joyce

AND IT'S MOIRA
MACTAGGERT WHO
SOMEHOW HAS TO
TELL THEM.

SHE TESTS OUT SENTENCES IN HER
HEAD, BUT NONE OF THEM SOUND
GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER FRIENDS.

RAHNE SINCLAIR,
WITH THE RESCUED
DOUGLOCK --
WILL SHE CRY?

BRIAN BRADDOCK AND
MEGGAN NEVER KNEW
CHARLES WELL, BUT THEY
KNOW HIS DREAM OF
PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE
BETWEEN MAN AND MUTANT.

PIOTR RASPUTIN ARGUED
WITH CHARLES AND PARTED
WAYS WHEN LAST THEY MET.
HOW WILL HE REACT?

YOU
HAVE LEG
INJURIES, LITTLE
ENGLISHMAN. I
CANNOT ALLOW
YOU TO
WALK.

PETE WISDOM NEVER MET
CHARLES BUT KITTY PRYDE
GREW UP WITH CHARLES
XAVIER AS SOMETHING
LIKE A FATHER.

YOU
HAVE MY
PERMISSION
TO BOUNCE HIM
A FEW TIMES IF
HE KEEPS
ACTING
UP...

OH,
SO YOU
JUST HAVE TO
CARRY ME LIKE A
SACK OF BLOODY
POTATOES,
DO YOU?

TART!

AND KURT WAGNER, THE
TEAM'S LEADER, -- CHARLES
ALWAYS SAID KURT WAS
THE HEART OF THE X-MEN.





LORD,
LOOK AT YE
ALL --

RORY,
CAN YE HEAR
ME BACK THERE?
GET MEDLAB UP
AND
RUNNING!

-- BRIAN,
HAVE YE BEEN
SHOT? --

MEGGAN,
DID YE CLEAN
THOSE
WOUNDS? --

WISDOM,
WHART IN THE DEVIL
HAVE YOU BEEN
UP TAE?

MOIRA,
YOU'RE PANICKING.
CALM DOWN. THE
WOUNDS ALL SEEM
MINOR --



PANIC?
PANIC?
Och, GOD,
KURT...

CHARLES
XAVIER'S GONE
INSANE!

HE'S EVOLVED
INTAE SOMETHING
CALLED
ONSLAUGHT.

AND HE'S
ATTEMPTING
TO KILL THE
X-MEN.



QUIET.



LOOK, 'T WAS SCOTT AND JEAN SUMMERS WHO BROKE IT TME. THEY'VE BEEN HERE -- CHARLES LEFT MATERIAL HERE IN JUST SUCH A SITUATION.

NO. NO.

WHERE ARE THEY? WE CAN LEAVE --

-- IMMEDIATELY, KURT!

WE MUST FIND WHO IS DOING THIS TO THE PROFESSOR AND --

I'VE SEEN THIS PLOT ON STAR TREK.

THE AMERICAN TEAMS ARE HANDLING IT AS BEST THEY CAN.

YOU PEOPLE ARE STAYING PUT. YE HEAR? YE'RE EXHAUSTED -- WOUNDED --

-- AND YE BROUGHT DOUGIE HOME! COME HERE, WEAN...

Ooh, LOOK AT YE. COVER YUIRSELF UP, YE BRAZEN HUSSY...

I MISSED YOU, MOIRA!

HARK AT HIM AN' HIS NEW PERSONALITY!

ANYWAY, YE BETTER SEE WHY YE'RE NOT GALLIVANTING OFF STATESIDE...





WITH THE
EMP, THERE'RE
NO PLANES IN
THE AIR.

XAVIER
WOULD DETECT OUR
ENTRY IN AN INSTANT,
AND THANKS TO THE
BLACKOUT, WE HAVE NO
IDEA OF WHAT WE'D
BE FLYING INTO
ANYWAY.

WE COULD
TAKE THE
MOONLIGHT FLIT
TO PROVIDE MEDICAL
ASSISTANCE ON THE
OUTSKIRTS -- IT'S
FAST ENOUGH TO
GET US THERE
WHILE WE'RE STILL
USEFUL...

THE
PROFESSOR
DID THIS?



I DON'T
BELIEVE IT. I
DON'T.



WELL, BRIAN --
ACTUALLY AS IT
HAPPENS. WELL...
HA HA HA...

... THE FLIT
TOOK A BIT OF
DAMAGE WHILE
YOU WERE IN
LONDON...



I'M GOING TO GET CHANGED AND PUT SOME COFFEE ON...

I BETTER STAY, BRIAN'S ABOUT TO USE HIS BIG CAPTAIN BRITAIN VOICE...

DID YOU LET MY BRAND NEW AIRCRAFT GET SHOT, KURT?

WELL, IT WASN'T QUITE LIKE THAT, BRIAN.

BUT... YES, OKAY, IT KIND OF GOT SHOT...



IT'S GOT ONE ENGINE DOWN -- WOULDN'T HAVE THE SPEED TO GET TO NYC IN ANY KIND OF USEFUL TIME.

MAYBE WE COULD TRANSFER THE MEDICAL GEAR TO THE MIDNIGHT RUNNER...?

NO, WE'D NEVER FIT ALL THE NECESSARY MEDICAL EQUIPMENT INTO THE RUNNER. WE'RE STUFFED.



HOLD ON, I BETTER GET THIS...

AND YOU HAD BETTER GET DOWN TO MEDLAB. I WANT MOIRA TO LOOK AT YOUR BULLET WOUNDS.

BUT I --

IF I HAVE TO PUT YOU OVER MY SHOULDER AND CARRY YOU THERE, BRIAN BRADDOCK, I WILL.



-- SO THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY USED THE DATA KITTY TO SENT THEM TO CLOSE DOWN BLACK AIR FOR GOOD.

AND WE SHUT DOWN ALL THE STUFF THEY'D GATHERED FROM BRITAIN'S PARANORMAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT BEFORE IT DID TOO MUCH HARM.

GET AWAY FROM MY CIGARETTE, MacTAGGERT.

I'VE TOLD YE, YE DISGUSTING SOUTHERN WEEVIL.

NAE SMOKING IN MY LAB.

I'M GONNA REBUILD HADRIAN'S WALL TOMORROW...

...ANYWAY, ALISTAIR, THE UPSHOT IS THAT YOUR POSH BACKSIDE IS SAFE FROM BLACK AIR AND ITS DEATH THREAT AGAINST YOU NOW.

THERE AIN'T NO BLACK AIR ANYMORE, AND THE PRINCIPALS ARE GOING INTO THE NICK UNTIL SOMETIME AFTER THEY DIE OF OLD AGE.

PHONE CALL FOR ALISTAIR STUART, LATE OF THE WEIRD HAPPENINGS ORGANIZATION FROM LONDON, WITH THE PRIME MINISTER'S COMPLIMENTS, IT SAYS.

THINK THEY'LL APOLOGIZE FOR ALLOWING THOSE TREASONOUS SCUM AT BLACK AIR TO USURP THE W.H.O.'S MANDATE?

I DOUBT IT. HAVE FUN.



SO MISTER
WISDOM LENT YOU
SOME CLOTHES?

YES, MISTER WISDOM CLAIMS
TO HAVE FIFTEEN SETS OF
CLOTHING THAT ARE ALL
EXACTLY THE SAME.

HE'S ALSO OFFERED
TO TEACH ME HOW TO
SMOKE, DRINK AND SAY
DISGUSTING THINGS.

MISTER
WISDOM IS
CERTAINLY A VERY...
GENEROUS
MAN...

OH, DON'T WORRY.
I DON'T INTEND TO
TAKE HIM UP ON IT.

EXCEPT MAYBE FOR THE
LANGUAGE LESSON. I DO HAVE
SOME SHAKESPEARIAN INSULTS
IN MY DATABANKS, THOUGH.

WOULD YOU LIKE
TO HEAR SOME?

NOT
FOR THE
MOMENT, DOUGIE...
SHOULD I STILL
BE CALLING YE
DOUGIE?

SINCE
YE SEEM TO
HAVE FOUND YUIR
OWN PERSONALITY,
OUTSIDE OF THE
PHALANX AND POOR
DOUG RAMSEY'S
MEMORIES AND
ALL...

DOUG RAMSEY
WAS YOUR GREAT
FRIEND, WASN'T HE?

I'VE CONSIDERED TRYING
TO CHANGE MY APPEARANCE,
SO THAT THE VISAGE OF YOUR
DEAD FRIEND IS NO LONGER
HERE TO BOTHER YOU.

NO
NEED.

I KNOW
YE'RE NOT DOUG.
I GOT OVER THAT A
WAYS BACK. IT'S NICE TO
HAVE A REMINDER OF
DOUG WITH US, BUT
YE'RE YOU.

I'M
LOOKING
FORWARD TO
WATCHING YE
BECOME YUIR
OWN MAN.

MY NEW
FRIEND.

WHAT?

THOU DRONING,
HEDGE-BORN,
FLY-BITTEN
BLADDER!!

SHAKESPEARIAN
INSULT.
GOOD,
HAIN'T IT?

RORY CAMPBELL IS A PSYCHOLOGIST BY TRADE. HE CAME TO MUIR ISLAND TO WORK WITH MOIRA MANTAGERT BECAUSE IT WAS A CHALLENGE.

NOT LONG AFTER, HE GOT HIS CHALLENGE.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE, WHEREIN HE BECOMES A MAN CALLED AMAB, WHO USES HIS SKILLS TO TORTURE MUTANTS.

IN TRYING TO FACE THE FEAR THAT HE WILL BECOME A MUTANT-HATER, HE LOST HIS LEG.

THE IDEA THAT SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO MAKE HIM HATE MUTANTS FREEZES HIS HEART -- AS DO THE REPORTS, CLIPPINGS AND INTERNET MESSAGES ABOUT NEW YORK.

COULD THIS BE WHERE HIS HATE STARTS?

Dr.
CAMPBELL?

IT'S ALISTAIRE STUART... I KNOW WE HAVEN'T SPOKEN MUCH, BUT I HAVE SOMETHING TO ASK YOU.

COULD I HAVE A MINUTE?

Hmm? Oh, SURE... PLEASE, COME IN.



I'VE JUST
RECEIVED A PHONE
CALL FROM THE
GOVERNMENT.

THEY WANT
TO TAKE THE OLD
W.H.O., BLACK RIB, AND
ALL RELATED PARANORMAL
ORGANIZATIONS AND
RATIONALIZE THEM
INTO A SINGLE
DEPARTMENT.

THEY'VE
OFFERED ME THE
DIRECTORSHIP.

I WANT TO
OFFER YOU A POST,
AN IMPORTANT
POST WITHIN THE
DEPARTMENT.

MUTANT
LIAISON AND
MANAGEMENT.

PUT SIMPLY,
IT KEEPS YOU IN
TOUCH WITH MOIRA
AND EXCALIBUR, AND
BEGINS A PROGRAM OF
DISCOVERING AND
OFFERING AID
TO BRITISH
MUTANTS.

A COMPLETELY BENIGN
JOB. THINK'S RORY.
HELPING MUTANTS
NEVER HATING THEM.

WHAT
ABOUT MOIRAP
I MEAN, I WORK
HERE, AND --

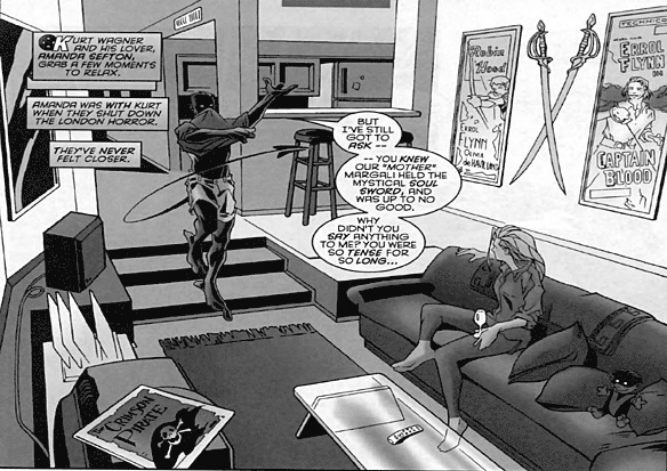
I SPOKE TO
HER. SHE SAYS
GO WITH HER
BLESSING.

SO
WHEN DO WE
LEAVE?

IN AN ENCLOSURE
WITHIN MEDLAB,
MOIRA SMILES INSIDE.

HER INVESTIGATION OF
THE LETHAL LEGACY
VIRUS TICKING INSIDE
HER HAS LED HER UP AN
INTERESTING AVENUE
OR TWO...

...ONES SHE
PREFERS TO PURSUE ALONE.



KURT WAGNER
AND HIS LOVER,
AMANDA SEFTON,
GRAB A FEW MOMENTS
TO RELAX.

AMANDA WAS WITH KURT
WHEN THEY SHUT DOWN
THE LONDON HORROR.

THEY'VE NEVER
FELT CLOSER.

BUT
I'VE STILL
GOT TO
ASK --

-- YOU KNEW
OUR "MOTHER"
MARGALI HELD THE
MYSTICAL SOUL
SWORD, AND
WAS UP TO NO
GOOD.

WHY
DIDN'T YOU
SAY ANYTHING
TO ME? YOU WERE
SO TENSE FOR
SO LONG...



MY
MISTAKE IN
GIVING IT
TO HER.

MY
PROBLEM.

I WANTED
TO COPE WITH
IT MYSELF. YOU
HAVE ENOUGH
TO COPE
WITH...



YOU COPED
EXCELLENTLY.



NEVER
FORGET --
YOU SAVED OUR
LIVES IN LONDON
AND COUNTLESS
OTHERS.

I
LOVE YOU,
KURT.

AND I
LOVE YOU,
TOO.

HIS UNSPOKEN
THOUGHT:
"AND WHERE
DID MARGALI
VANISH TO,
ANYWAY?"



A man and a woman are sitting in the back of a vehicle. The man is leaning forward, gesturing with his hands as he speaks. The woman is looking at him. The vehicle has a large window with the word 'CLAB' visible on the side.

AFTER BRIAN'S FALL THROUGH THE TIMESTREAM, HE HAD WHAT HE CALLS FLASHFORWARDS, PETE...

...MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE, THAT WOULD HIT ME AT RANDOM.

WISDOM, DO YOU HAVE A DEEP DISLIKE FOR OXYGEN?

AIR'S OVERATED, SO WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME?

THE LAST ONE I HAD WAS OF FIFTEEN YEARS FROM NOW, YOU WERE CRIPPLED, MANY OF US WERE DEAD.



A close-up of a man's face, looking serious. He has short, light-colored hair and is wearing a dark jacket. The background is dark and blurry.

WE ATTACKED THE BLACK AIR HQ THEN, NOT NOW -- AND WE ALL DIED.

I BELIEVE THE THING THAT CHANGED THE FUTURE WAS YOU.

YOU ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BECOME PART OF THE TEAM, AND SO WE COULD BEAT BLACK AIR NOW, AND WE ALL LIVED.

FURTHERMORE, I HAVEN'T HAD A FLASHFORWARD SINCE. AS IF ALL THE FUTURE I HAD SEEN HAS BEEN WIPED AWAY -- BECAUSE IT NEVER HAPPENS.

AND THE WAY MEGGAN AND I SEE IT, WISDOM, TO LOCK ALL THIS DOWN --

-- YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING THE FUTURE WISDOM I SAW NEVER DID.

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT TO KITTY THAT YOU LOVE HER.



A man and a woman are talking. The man is on the left, looking serious. The woman is on the right, looking surprised. She has dark hair and is wearing a light-colored jacket. The background is dark and blurry.



HALF
A MILLION
DEAD, BUT
ALL AGREE IT
WOULDBE BEEN
FAR WORSE
WITHOUT ---



SCORCHED
BUT INTACT, BIG BEN
WATCHES LONDON
RETURN ---



MONTHS
OF MOURNING,
YEARS IN THE
REBUILDING ---

HALF
A MILLION
BELIEVED
DEAD IN
LONDON.

BUT
IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN
WORSE.

HORRIBLE.





THAT'S
ENOUGH!

LOOK,
MOIRA -- OUR
FRIENDS ARE IN
TROUBLE.

SERIOUS,
POSSIBLY FATAL
TROUBLE.
WE --

-- WILL GO
TO MANHATTAN
AND PROBABLY
GET YOURSELVES
KILLED!

AND
IF YOU GET
KILLED, WHAT
HAPPENS TO THE
REST OF THE
WORLD?

YE THINK
THERE'S ONLY
MUTANTS IN
NEW YORK?

WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
YOU'RE NEEDED IN
LONDON, OR PARIS, OR
BONN, OR A TINY VILLAGE
IN SCOTLAND? YE'RE DEAD
AND NO USE TAE ANYONE!
AND MUTANTS HAVE
NO ONE TAE LOOK
TO FOR HELP!

WHAT
HAPPENS THE
CHARLES' DREAM OF
PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE
BETWEEN HUMAN AND
MUTANT WHEN THERE'S
NO ONE LEFT ALIVE
TO DREAM IT,
KURT?

AND I'M
TELLING YE
NOW -- CHARLES'S
DREAM IS *HERE*. IF
THINGS GO WRONG
IN MANHATTAN,
WE'RE IT.

CHARLES
XAVIER -- THE
REAL ONE, THE ONE
WE KNEW AND LOVED --
NEEDS YOU TO BE HERE.
THIS IS WHERE THE
DREAM IS.

YOU HAVE A
RESPONSIBILITY
TO HIM TO *STAY*
ALIVE.

AND THE
WORLD
GOES
QUIET.

AND THE
NIGHT GETS
DARKER.

